

The Bloomfield Gazette.

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Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. I. NO. 7.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

FIVE CENTS.

TO A PETRIPIED SKULL.

Say, ancient relic, who and whence art thou?
Where didst thou live? Tell thy mysterious
name?
Why Chemist nature here preserves thee now—
Thus to perpetuate thy deathless fame?
Did Tubal arm thee with an iron spear
And brzen shield, here to pursue thy foe?
Or did the organ charm thy ravens ear
Which Jubal tuned six thousand years ago?
Didst thou survive when David's harp was
strung?
When rapt Isaiah glowed with heavenly fire?
Or didst thou float when Melch's post sung,
Or the sweet lull of Mantua lured his lyre?
Say, did Demosthenes like thyself pour
His bold philippics on thy petrified ear?
Or Cleopatra, with sweet and magic power,
Thrill thy sweet soul and start the unconscious
tear?
Or didst thou dwell in this dear favored spot,
Where thou wert found, which Liberty reveres?
Ah, yes! and where a thousand are forgot,
Who bought that liberty with blood and tears?
Did pure religion's holy flame inspire
The heart that with its life-blood fired thine
eye?
Hast thou a Newton's lore? A Milton's fire?
Or didst thou in deep savage ignorance die?
Perchance the forest thou didst wildly roam,
Pursued thy game with arrow and with spear,
At eve reclined where fortune found a home,
In careless sleep, nor dreamed of danger near.
Thou didst perchance a hapless wander die,
No home, no friend to soothe thy let and hour,
To watch thy ling'ring breath—no closing eye,
To make thy grave, or weep the tyrant's power.
But now the iron slumbers of the dead,
Have locked the channels where thy blood has
flowed,
A power effectual as Medusa's head,
Has changed thy lifeless form to senseless
stone.
Thy spirit from its mansion long has fled,
None may pursue its dark and devious way,
But still at eve, perchance with airy tread,
It oft revisits its cold slumbering clay.
But why interrogate, when all is vain?
Go, grace some cabinet till heaven shall call;
Thy slumbering dust shall then REVIVE AGAIN,
And join the spirit thou didst once enchain
Bloomfield, Nov. 10, 1872. EMBLON.

SEA SCENES.

FROM OLD MAN OF WAR'S JOHN.

[We commence below a series of interesting
sketches, substantially true, written over thirty
years ago, and printed in 1841 in *The Graphic*, or
Graphic Monthly—a bi-monthly magazine, issued
at that time in another state by the publishers in
our alma mater. As that periodical had a brief
existence and a small circulation, it is thought
the selections we may now and then make from
it will possess the interest and freshness of original
communications.—E.]

SCENE I.

I come with nightingales;
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark sky thrills with their mysterious moans,
Borne on the sweeping winds.—MRS. HEMANS.

OLD JOHN was a worthy relic of that
class of seamen, which, we fear, are becoming
too nearly extinct—the sailors of our
revolution; men who carried the Bible in
their pockets and the spirit of a Christian
in their hearts—who could pray upon the
eve of battle and fight none the less val-
iantly; and when the conflict had passed
and victory been won, would share their
own meals with, and yield their own cot
to the wounded enemy. An infinite fund
of anecdote and nautical adventure had
the old tar, with an inveterate penchant for
yarn telling; and often, when a lad, have
we played the truant, when we should have
been conning our school lessons, or stolen
quietly from the pleasant hearth circle,
and camped over the head to old John's
cottage—and there passed the long win-
ter's evening in listening to his stories of
the sailor's life. They had in them, to our
posterior fancy, all that was beautiful in
romance; and we remember them well.

"A sterling fellow was young Stafford,"
—he commenced one evening, as we took
our station, as usual, on a low stool at his
knee—"A sterling fellow; yet a sad and
lonely man, who had known some deep
sorrow that was eating his life away. We
loved that officer (he was a Second Lieut-
enant), and there was not a tar on ship-
board but would have split his dearest life
blood to have saved him from the merest
ill. He was a constant dayman between us
and the authorities of the ship; often
have I seen him approach our commander,
half in hand, as some poor delinquent stood
trembling at the gateway, beneath the
suspended hall, and pray his release; and
ever would he return, with that quiet
smile, and—'Well, Jack, I have given my
pledge for you, so remember—remember
Jack!' Jack would remember; the man of
our company who had dared to have for-
fettered the pledge of Charles Stafford, when
given for his good conduct, we would have
thrown overboard. We loved that young
officer, as well we might; and I must give
you the story of his rescue.

"We were running down the Bay of
Biscay, and the breeze which had blown
smartly during the day from the N. E. had
freshened into a gale. It was a boisterous
night, and the devil's smile was on

the ocean. You may not know what that
means, my boy; I will tell you. When the
wind is very high, or veers suddenly from
one point of the compass to another, it
will catch up the crusts of foam from the
waves, and, whirling them over the sea,
give its surface the appearance of a boiling
cauldron. When the sailors see this, they
know there is mischief in the storm, and
they call it the devil's smile." Our ship
labored convulsively as she was lying to
beneath little more than a span of canvas,
and it became evident she would soon have
to be put before the gale, though three
hours scudding would lay her on the rocks
of Cape Finisterre.

"It was the third night watch, and Staf-
ford was the officer of the deck. He had
looked pale and sickly, during the day, and
I had often heard the Commander entreat
him to leave his station and put himself
under the surgeon's hands; but his answer
was ever, 'I shall be better here, sir—I
shall be better here.' It was fearful to see
him that night, when the flashes of light-
ning would at times play over his wan
countenance, as he stood clapping the wa-
ter rigging, peering to the windward with
his night-glass, or watching the laboring
spars aloft, and giving his commands in a
quiet, unobtrusive, and with a voice scarce
stronger than a woman's. Yet that voice
was ever heard; never was the shout of the
tempest so strong, or the confusion of a
sudden alarm so great, but we could hear
the commands of Charles Stafford. But
there were officers on board that ship
whose trumpets might out-bellow the tem-
pest itself, yet were we slow to hear them;
so much do kindnesses quicken the ear of
the sailor, my lad. It is the heart often,
and not the ear, that hears.

"He had stood long, watching the slug-
gish motion of the ship as she fell heavily
into the trough of the sea and rose again
slowly and trembling to its surface, when
his commands were heard to prepare for
putting her before the wind. It is a criti-
cal and often a dangerous movement to be
effected in boisterous weather, and the
sailors were instantly at their posts, with
eyes intently fixed on their officer, and
quietly waiting his commands. Our Lieut-
enant knew well his time; and, as there
came a moment's lull in the gale, his orders
were given to haul down the mizen-spencer,
and to put the helm hard up. The ship
fell off slowly till her broadside was
exposed to the waves, sunk bodily into the
enormous trough, rose again upon the next
surge—rolled her spurs heavily to wind-
ward, yet continuing to obey her helm, till
the wind and waves at last struck her abeam,
and she was speeding on before the gale.
'Nobly done!' was scarcely from the
mouth of our officer, with the accompany-
ing command of 'Haul in your fore-braces,
my boys,' when a huge billow came rolling
under her counter, curled over her taffrail,
and came down upon the deck 'till with the
dull sound of the clod upon the coffin-lid,
when the ship rose and shook herself from
her load of water, the deck was swept of
every movable object, and the sailors were
clinging to whatever, at the moment of
danger, they had clung to. Every eye was
instantly turned to where the Lieutenant
had stood, but he was not there. At that
moment we heard his cry for help, as he
floated past the stern of the ship. 'He is
overboard!' was instantly upon every
tongue. 'Stafford is overboard!' But
scarcely had it been hushed in the yell of
the tempest, when the sailor at the wheel,
an athletic and nobly-hearted fellow,
grasping a life-buoy at his side, sprang
into the sea. 'Pay away!' shouted the
Commander, who at this moment appeared
at the gateway and took in the whole
aspect of affairs at a glance. 'Pay away
at the line of the life-buoy!' 'Bring the
ship again into the wind! Ease off your
fore-braces! Up with the mizen-spencer!
Hard down!'—so—steady—steady, my
lads!' The ship came round again with
her broadside to the wind, and there hung,
shipping tons of water at every roll, while
all, unmindful of her dangerous position,
were intent only upon the rescue of their
comrades. But what should be done?
Had the tar been able to retain the life-
buoy? Had he found the Lieutenant? Were
they waiting to be drawn on board? Were
questions that none could answer. At last
the captain, who, dripping with spray, with
his head bare, and his few white locks
streaming in the wind, had mounted into
the mizen rigging to command a wider
prospect, shouted, as a flash of lightning
illuminated the sea around, 'I see them! I
see them! I see them!' 'Slowly we drew in upon the life-
buoy. We could feel their struggles to
retain it at every pull. Slowly we drew
them in, till all around the sea, and the stentor-
ian voice of our Commander was again
heard, even above the creaking of the
cordage and the yelling of the storm.
'Stafford has lost his hold! Vast hauling!
pay out—pay out!' Again went out the
line till it hung loose upon the wave. The
Captain stood, leaning from the shroud,
with his eyes strained off upon the sea, and
watching another flash of the tempest. It
came. 'I see them!' he shouted. 'He
has him! to your line—steadily.' Again
we drew slowly in upon the buoy, watch-
ing the unsteady motions of the vessel that
it should not be matched from their grasp,
till they were within a few fathoms of the

ship and could be seen as they lay strug-
gling in the surf. The officer was ex-
hausted; his head rested on the sailor's
shoulder, who, with one hand thrown
around his body and the other clasped in
the meshes of the buoy, clung for life. It
was a critical moment. How were they to
be drawn on board? The greatest care
was necessary or the sailor would lose his
hold. Men were placed in the mizen
chains to catch them as they should be
thrown up to the ship by the waves. Once
—twice, were they borne within a fathom
of her side, and again fell back into the
abyss below. Once more—but we missed
them. We could see the working of the
sailor's countenance as he struggled to re-
tain his grasp—could see the blood trickle
from between his fingers, that clasped the
meshes of the buoy. 'I can hold out no
longer,' was at last forced from him, as they
were again borne back upon the receding
wave; and we gave them up for lost.
'God save us!' shouted another gallant
fellow, as, grasping the mizen-brace, he
sprang upon the side of the ship, and
watching his opportunity, leaped for the
buoy. He gained it; in a moment he had
passed the line around the exhausted sea-
men—lashed them to the buoy—grasped
it firmly himself, and shouted 'Pull away,
my hearties!' As the ship rolled again
heavily to leeward, and a wave came climb-
ing up her side, we drew them on board.
There was a merry chorus to the singing of
the storm, just then, my lad—a right merry
chorus! Never did a heartier hurra go
up at the hour of victory, than at that mo-
ment went up from the decks of the Mer-
maid to the noble rescuers of Charles
Stafford.

SCENE II.

THE SHIPWRECK OF A CALM.
And when the hours of rest
Came, like a calm upon the mid sea brine,
Flushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is there;
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

The noble old tar, I can see him now
as he used to sit in front of his cottage, of
a still afternoon, and watch the crafts as
they plied upon the river before him. I
can see him now; his few white locks; his
bent form; his quick, restless eye; his
noble, weather-beaten countenance, where
the strife of many years had written the
whole log-book of life—the sun of every-
thing had burned its hue—battle and
storm, shipwreck and famine had left their
records there.

It is one of the most quiet and pleasing
pictures of the past, with us, that little
white cottage by the river side, with its
vine-clad walls, its thatched roof, its mossy
well, its old wicket gate, its well-worn
hearth-stone, and the string that hung
down by the corner; they are distinctly
before the mind, as if it were but yester-
day, we left them. We may not soon for-
get our last visit to the old man of the
cottage. It was a pleasant Spring morning,
as we were leaving home for the first time,
for a distant school. The carriage was at
the door, and friends had gathered to say
their last adieu; but we must needs go
over and say good-by to Man-of-war's
John.

"Well," commenced the old tar, "you
are going into the big world, my boy, and
you will meet strange things there—things
you have not dreamed of. And, mark me
well; life is a rough and boisterous sea;
many a noble bark goes down in storm and
tempest—many a one is stranded upon
hidden quicksands and unknown coasts;
but the wofuldest of all, my lad, is the ship-
wreck of the calm! Did you ever hear of
such? Well, I will tell you of one.

"We were half way across the waters;
it was high noon and a dead calm; the
winds had all fallen asleep. There was no
ripple upon the surface of the sea; it had
no motion, save the easy swell it ever bath,
which seems so like the gentle breathings
of a sleeping monster. All around was
still, and smooth, and glassy. Did you
ever see the ocean in repose, my boy, with
a clear, bright sky above, and a breathless
air around? Then did you never feel the
presence of the Great One as you may feel
it. His voice is in the tempest, and may
give him power to the troubled deep;
but his presence is only in the calm. They
tell us of your majestic temple—with their
long-drawn aisles and massive shafts—
dimly lighted, and filled with half-hushed
music; and they bid us think the solemn
feeling of His presence may be there. It
cannot be; 'tis all man—man! Every-
thing speaks of him there. We cannot
look down upon the altar stone but we see
the impress of his chisel; or into the clear
depth of the font, but there are the marks
of his handiwork. But the ocean! the
still, deep and calm-hushed ocean!" (And
here the old man would shake his few white
locks, as was ever his wont, when thoughts
came up too big for utterance.) "The
ocean! the broad ocean! Well, we were
half-way across the waters, and it was high
noon, when the cry arose on board the
Queen Esther, 'Water in the hold! The
ship is sinking; the ship is sinking!' Then
came the confusion attending an
alarm on ship-board. The man at the
mast-head shot down to the deck, as if he
had fallen from his station. The cabin-boy

let fall the captain's noon draught and
sprang to the gangway. The steward,
passing to the after-cabin, dropt his spoon
upon the deck and grasped his boiler.
The sailors rushed from their mess boards
and were at their posts before the boat-
swain's call could bid them to it. Pumps
were rigged and manned; hatches run off;
stairways erected; buckets strapped and in
motion; and before the Captain's mate
could change his quid, or Jack (the mon-
key) could mount into the rigging to laugh
and chatter over the confusion of the hour,
the water was pouring in torrents from
every scupper of the ship. We toiled hard
and long. The rough voice of our captain
was ever cheering us to our task, but we
heeded it not. 'Every man for his life!'
was the cry, and each arm put forth its
strength, till not a muscle was left inactive.
We toiled hard and long! 'Think of your
homes, my lads,' cried our noble mate,
as he dashed his trumpet to the deck, and
spring to take his turn at the pump—'think
of your homes and to it valiantly!' We did
then think of home, and friends, and the
thought would bring the tear to eyes un-
used to weeping, it brought also a strength
we had not known of. There was another who
cheered us in the toils of that hour—a slight-
formed girl. She was ever in our midst—
at every post—at the side of every toiling
sailor, lifting the refreshing draught to his
lips, and whispering in his ear, 'do man-
fully—do manfully!' And we did do man-
fully! for there was not a tar who trod the
decks of the Queen Esther but loved that
girl as he did his patron saint. She was
the good spirit of our ship; and her low,
trembling voice could do more in that hour
of danger than could the thought of death,
or the stern commands of our officers. We
did do manfully—toiled like men that
have the grave before them, but in vain.
The ship was sinking fast, and the rough
voice of our captain was again heard
'Avast and to the boats.' The davie-tackle
fell away down a run. The boats were
aloft—along side—loaded—pushed off; and
we lay upon our oars to see our gallant
ship go down. But just as she was
sinking, as if in a last struggle against
her fate, the cry arose, 'Henry is in the
after cabin!' I never may forget that
cry. He was a young officer whom we all
loved; he had been confined to his berth
for a few days, and in the excitement of
the hour had been forgotten. 'Henry is
in the after cabin!' The captain in a mo-
ment was upon the thwart of his boat, and
his trumpet to his lips. 'He cannot be
saved! The boat that approaches the
sinking vessel is lost; he must go down
with her!' 'Then I go with him!' shouted
a gallant young sailor in one of
the boats nearest the ship as he plunged
into the sea. It was a moment of fearful
anxiety. The captain yet stood with his
trumpet suspended to his face, and motion-
less. The sailors leaned over the gun-
wail of their boats with their eyes intently
fixed upon their noble comrade. He strug-
gled manfully for the ship, but she was
fast sinking. We could see her white
streak, the gilt ribbon, and the black
upper wale, each sinking gradually beneath
the surface of the water, and the fore
chains were level with the sea when he
leaped on board. He rushed for the after
cabin, which luckily was above deck, and
for a moment was lost to our view. It
was as hush as the grave; not a word was
spoken; not a breath was heard. Again
he appeared, bearing the sick man in his
arms. A low murmur of applause arose,
but was soon hushed—the danger was yet
too great. Again he plunged into the sea,
bearing his burden skilfully upon the
water—struck off for the boat—gained it—
and was dragged on board just as our gal-
lant Queen Esther, rolling heavily to her
grave, went down. A shout of applause
arose to the noble tar, but was soon hushed
beneath the oppressive sense of loneliness
that at the moment came over us.

"I have seen right nobleships go down
in storm and battle, but never saw I the
like of that! a gallant craft, with every
spar aloft, and sails all spread, sinking
quietly to her grave of waters, without a
breath to raise a ripple at her side, or lift
the pennant from her mast! It was a sad
moment, and theirs were mourning hearts
that waited for her funeral.

"But that girl, he continued, as he
dashed a tear from his eye—she was the
captain's daughter, and I must give you
her story. But I could remain no longer.
I grasped the hand of the old tar—received
his God bless you, my boy, and sped to
my waiting friends. I never saw him after—
presume to his ashes! I have many a time
regretted that I waited not the close of the
sailor's yarn, for, at musing hours, have I
often wondered what could have been the
fate of that lone girl upon the ocean. I
have seen her at times, pale, faint and lan-
guishing upon that still and glassy sea;
again the storm—her long hair flung out
upon the gale, the soul of Dido in her
noble eye, cheering the fainting mariners
to their task. Often a more pleasing pic-
ture has presented itself; and I have seen
her in a far off cottage home, at a cheerful
evening hearth, with a happy group around
her, telling of the perils of the deep, and
the ship that went down in the still ocean.
But these are only dreams; I never could
learn the fate of the sea-captain's daugh-
ter.

THE CHICAGO COURT-HOUSE BELL.

When Vicksburg surrendered to the
Union army, the people of Chicago were
so noisy in their demonstrations of delight
as to break the bell that tolled the news
of victory. A larger one was purchased,
and continued to notify the citizens of
victories in war, and fires at home. On
Sunday evening, October 9th, 1871, the
same old bell rung out the alarm of fire
for the last time. It was the funeral knell
of the doomed city. Two hundred and
forty-four was the fatal number, and was
called till the fiery column had crossed
the river and wrapped the business por-
tion of the city in its destructive embraces.
As the flames approached the Court-house,
the number of the alarm was changed into
the slow and solemn peal of a funeral.
Long after the lofty dome had submitted
to its fate, the faithful bell-man remained
at his post, and the bell pealed forth in
thunder tones the calamity of a nation.
The raging torrent of flame finally drove
him from his station, and the old "alarm-
bell" was silenced forever. It fell with a
crash that made the earth beneath it trem-
ble, and remained buried in the ruins for
nearly a week. As society became organ-
ized, and the extent of ruin accurately
measured, the desire to obtain some relic
to keep in remembrance a disaster so great,
became almost a monomania. The bell
was dragged from its fiery bed, and scores
of relic hunters, armed with every avail-
able weapon began to chip fragments of
metal from its sides. Those who succeeded
in obtaining a piece, guarded it with
the most jealous scruple, and upon apply-
ing for a share in the success of an indi-
vidual, the writer was refused with indig-
nation.

C. S. Crane, Esq., of the Northwestern
Manufacturing Company, finally took
possession of the bell and held it until the
municipal authorities took measures to
dispose of it. The weight of this monster
was something over five tons, and was sold
at auction for the sum of \$4,500. The
purchaser converted the larger part of the
metal into miniature bells, and from their
rapid sale must have realized a fortune.
Many of the Chicago ladies considered
their outfit incomplete unless a bell was
suspended from the neck, while the
juvenile portion of the community were
eminently disgusted because the price was
beyond their reach. The remains of the
bell are scattered over Christendom, and
the Court-house, in whose tower it had
long discharged the duty of a faithful
sentinel, remains a "ghastly wreck in ruin-
ous perfection." But another year will
mark a change, and the people of Chicago
will behold a greater, more substantial
Court-house, and become accustomed to
the tones of another and a larger bell.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

MR. LAI SUN.
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago Chan Lai Sun, a
young Chinese, came to our town with
Rev. Dr. Morrison, who returned from
India with his motherless children to the
home of his first wife. They excited much
interest and sympathy. The children
were soon removed to their father's rela-
tives in Michigan. One of the sons pur-
sued a course of study for the ministry at
Princeton, and returned to Northern
India to be associated with his father.

Lai Sun chose to remain in this country,
that he might receive a Christian educa-
tion.

Dr. Ward's family kindly gave him a
home for such assistance as he could render
out of school hours.

Mr. Russell, then principal of the
academy, received him into his school, and
taught him in his preparatory studies.

He was a docile pupil, and soon became
acquainted with our language, of which he
personally had some knowledge. Mr.
Morrison had also instructed him in the
truths of the Bible.

Everything interested him in which our
young people were engaged. There was
a concert of music, in which the children
and youth sang and recited pieces. They
were instructed by their pastor, and the
concert was given for the benefit of the
S. S. Library. Lai Sun took part with the
rest, and in broken English recited the
hymn, beginning—

"Yes, my native land, I love thee."
His mind became interested in the sub-
ject of religion, and he gave evidence of
piety. After a suitable time he united
with the Presbyterian Church under the
ministry of Rev. E. Seymour.

His own land who had been educated in
one of the missionary schools.

Our missionary, the Rev. Caleb C. Bal-
win, made his acquaintance and that of his
family, and described them as interesting
and intelligent. At that time he said he
intended having his children educated in
England or America.

At one time Captain Peel, now deceased,
found our friend in Bangkok, Siam. He
was attracted by hearing a melodious beau-
tifully played. This led to an introduction
and a mutual surprise when each learned
from the other that they had friends in
far-away Bloomfield.

Mr. Russell has recently received a
letter from Mr. Lai Sun, dated Springfield,
Mass. He writes that he has come to
America to bring a number of Chinese
youth who wish to be educated. After
locating them in suitable schools, ninety
more will be sent in companies of thirty.

His family are with him, and he hopes
soon to visit Bloomfield, that he may re-
new the pleasant associations of his youth.

BREACH STREET.
Since writing the above, the following
item was observed in the New York Obser-
ver of Nov. 7th:

Chan Lai Sun, the Chinese Imperial
Commissioner, together with his wife,
joined the South Congregational Church in
Springfield, Mass., on Sunday last.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

FROM A MAN'S STAND-POINT.

MESSES. EDITORS: Your fair (or rather
unfair) correspondent, writing under the
above caption, in your issue of November
2d, will no doubt be pleased to hear the
views of one of the opposite sex in regard
to the much-worn and seemingly little
understood subject of "Woman's Rights,"
and which subject her communication de-
fends. It is certainly understood that
"the masculine mind" is composed (as is
indicated by the writer) of several degrees
of intellectuality and refinement, and that
according to the education, life and cir-
cumstances under which the person in any
of the above degrees (who is called upon to
judge the question before us) is placed,
will the verdict be rendered. I know not
to which class of men our correspondent
has reference, but suppose a general view
is taken of the oppression of woman.

Those whose minds have been illumined
by the light and love of the Gospel (in the
words of our correspondent) and whose
moral vision has been purged to receive
the truth in the love of it, are never found
in any way opposing the opposite sex
either in business, socially, intellectually,
or religiously. There may be "wolves
among sheep" in the social and religious
life of any community who will raise ques-
tions and disturbances that will turn the
life of some woman to drudgery or hor-
rors.

They read BUT DON'T PAY.—"It not
unfrequently occurs, when persons are
asked if they will subscribe for a local
newspaper, or if they already take it, that
they reply—'No, but neighbor B. takes it,
and I have the reading of it every week.'—
They are benefited every week by the toils,
perplexities, and expensiveness of those
who receive nothing from them in return.
The above truth, clipped from an ex-
change, should be copied and re-copied in
every country paper, until the trouble is
abated. The publisher of a newspaper,
depending, as he does in a measure, upon
his subscription list for support, naturally
expects each family who desires to read his
paper to subscribe for it; if they can afford
it. Subscribers themselves, as well as
publishers, find the newspaper borrower a
first-class nuisance, for he often borrows
it as the owner is about to read it, retains
it at certain times when he misses it, and
too often, if he returns it at all, the paper
is in such a condition that no one of nice
sensibilities would care to read it. We
would suggest that in towns where the
nuisance has become intolerable, the pub-
lisher print, when requested, or stamp in
large letters above the heading, 'Sub-
scribers not permitted to lend this paper,'
or, 'This edition not for borrowers. The
idea would take with subscribers, and
prove a gentle hint to the mass of all
misery-makers.

Trees on the Roadside.

FOREVER all the great routes leading to
Paris were lined, in the vicinity of the city
at least, with avenues of trees. The war
and a fatal disease which, some years ago,
devastated timber in the district, made
very serious gaps. The tree sickness has
been especially apparent on the road to
Vincennes, Versailles, and what was for-
merly known as the Italian Wood. Many
of these trees were centuries old. Although
Charlemagne was, after the Romans, the
first French road constructor, the system-
atic organization and repair of these roads
dates from Philip Augustus, and the first
regular plantations along them from the
reign of Henry IV. Trees are now to be
planted again. The example of France,
in this respect, might be followed with
much advantage here. Who has not ad-
mired the broad avenues formed by mag-
nificent elms in a Connecticut village?
What a glorious summer driving-ground
would be formed by a few miles of such
planting in a township.

Germans in America.

At the late meeting of the Presbyterian
Synod of New Jersey, held at Trenton,
great interest was developed by the dis-
cussion upon the German Theological
Seminary recently established at Newark,
and now removed to Bloomfield, N. J. To
show the immense and immediate impor-
tance of thoroughly enlightening the church-
men in this cause, a careful collation of facts
was presented, exhibiting the rapid growth
and increasing power of this valuable ele-
ment of our immigrant population, which
now numbers in the aggregate about
three millions. They increased from 1800
to 1870 more than 680,000. (The colored
people of the land made an increase of
only 488,000, and the Irish people of only
428,000.) New York City has to-day a
German population equal to the united
population of Hamburg and Bremen, and
while Hamburg is the third city of the
German Empire, New York is the third
German city of the world. In Jersey City
there has been a German increase from
33,773 to 54,005, or 63 per cent, and an
Irish increase from 64,006 to 76,794, or 21
per cent.